WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 7. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1801. WHOLE NO. 683.

THE MINSTREL OF THE FOREST.

A TALE.

"Oh hero! what a hero hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and councils of thy heart!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-balls ſhall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of ſcorn,
And never ſhall it more be gracious."

SHAKESPEARE.

ENDYMION GREVILLE, an officer in the Britiſh army, obtained leave from his Colonel to permit him to go to Naumberg, to pay the laſt mark of affection to the cold remains of one who had once been his deareſt friend. The evening was calm: and the ſober ſerenity of the autumnal woods breathed ſuch a ſoftened ſhade over the melancholy of his ſoul, that alighting, and giving his horſe to his ſervant, he proceeded alone through the thick ranks of the trees.

He unconſciouſly found the ſtillneſs of the night lull his ſenſes into a forgetfulneſs of his ſituation; and, flinging himſelf down on the green graſs, under the cooling ſhadow of the high elms, whoſe towering tops were gilded by the laſt beams of the declining ſun, he looked round on the freſh verdure of the earth: he caſt his eyes up to the rich blue of the ſky, where the radient clouds were ſailing in ſolemn majeſty over its azure boſom. A flood of tender recollections ruſhed over his mind; and, in all the anguiſh of the moment, he exclaimed—"Oh Henry! are thou forever cloſed from theſe objects! Can I find joy in ſcenes where thou art not a partaker?" He then flung his head to the ground; and burſting into tears, gave way unto all the agony of his ſoul. At laſt, the turbulence of his grief wearied itſelf; and he lay in a more quiet, though not in a more happy attitude. The merits of his friend, the beauty of his youthful form, the graces of his manly heart, all clung round his breaſt, and told him how miſerable he was, in being fated to ſurvive ſo much innocence, ſo much honor, and ſo much love.

As his oppreſſed ſoul dwelt on the agonizing remembrance of his friend with an embittered pleaſure, his attention was arreſted by a ſtream of the ſweeteſt and moſt entrancing ſounds that ever met the ear of mortal: he ſcarcely breathed, for fear of loſing a breath of their ſeraphic harmony, as a rich and melodious voice roſe over the dying notes, and warbled ſuch a ſadly-touching air, that the tear trembled in the wrapt eye of Endymion, as the delicious melody ſunk into his melancholy heart—"Are theſe the ſtrains of the bleſſed? Is this the voice of my friend, to ſoothe my agonies?"

As theſe thoughts paſſed over his mind, the thick foilage of the trees bended forward; and a divinely beautiful form appeared, holding on one arm a ſmall harp, while his long white garments ſwept the ground, and imparted a pomp to his figure nearly celeſtial. The anguiſh of his mind had diſturbed the ſenſes of Greville, and he half dropped on one knee; when, immediately recollecting himſelf, he ſtarted up, and gazed at the ſtrange viſion with a wonder almoſt bordering on a dread of—he knew not what. The figure looked on him with a ſoftened countenance; and advancing to him, ſaid—"By your dreſs you are an Engliſhman."—"I am," replied Greville, inſtantly recovering from his aſtoniſhment; "I am an Engliſhman, and a ſoldier."—"Then I ſhall have the happineſs of embracing a countryman of the only man whom I eſteem."

He took the hand of Greville, as he ſpoke; and, gazing on his face with an expreſſion of mingled wildneſs and benignity, aſked him, if he would ſpare him a few hours of his ſociety—"For," added he, "to know that I am converſing with one who was born in the ſame land where now my Thuſnelda lives, will afford to my ſolitary ſoul a pleaſure that it has long been a ſtranger to.

The gentle heart of Greville, already ſoftened by ſorrow, infuſed an eloquence into his fine features ſo touchingly ſympathiſing, that the Minſtrel more earneſtly ſolicited his remaining a few days with him. He had his hand upon his arm—"Can the noble heart of a Briton refuſe to ſnatch an hour of anguiſh from the tedious days of the miſerable?"

Greville, whoſe full boſom heaved with the ſorrows of his own ſoul, breathed, in a ſcarcely articulate voice—"Lead me to where you pleaſe: but, alas! I am too wretched to give that to others, of which I ſtand in ſo great a dearth myſelf."

The ſtranger took his hand and led him through the foreſt, till he arrived at the bottom of a deep moat, which ſurrounded a magnificent caſtle, but whoſe ruined grandeur too truly ſeemed to image the deſolation of its maſter's mind. He blew a horn, which hung by a chain to the ſide of a pillar, and inſtantly a drawbridge was dropped down; and Greville, preceded by the Minſtrel, entered the court-yard. He ſent one of his domeſtics for the ſervant of Endymion, and the bridge was drawn up again. This motion ſtartled Greville; but, turning to his penſive hoſt, the purity of his own ſoul told him, that no perfidy could lurk under a form and countenance

Where every God had ſeem'd to ſet his ſeal.

As they advanced, he was met by two old ſervants, whoſe venerable appearances would have put all hoſtile ſuſpicions out of his head, if any had harbored there. They opened the gate; and Greville and his inviter entered a large Gothic hall, whoſe ſombre ſides were rendered ſtill more dreary by the quantity of antique armour, and duſky banners, which, waving in murky ſhadows over the walls, made "darkneſs more viſible."

"This is a horrid place to bring you to," ſaid the Minſtrel, drawing a deep ſigh; "but its gloom ſuits with the preſent temper of my ſoul. Every ſituation is equally pleaſing to the unhappy, except ſcenes of cheerfulneſs, and they ſtab the miſerable heart with double pangs. Another three years, and——." He ſtopped and looked up to Heaven.

"Three years!" repeated Greville, and he burſt into tears: for, three years ago, Henry Willoughby, his friend, the brother of his ſoul, had left him, to receive a commiſſion in the Imperial army; and now he was going to embrace that once dear and warm friend cold in the icy arms of Death!"

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the Minſtrel, catching him by the hand, "is misfortune ſo common? Have you, as I am, been, abandoned by her your ſoul doated on? Have you ſeen her, whom you adored to idolatry, in the arms of another man? if you have, you then know too truly the ſtory of my woes: you know then too well the injuries which have driven me from ſociety, to waſte my youth in bitter tears, and never-ceaſing anguiſh! O unhappy Briton! return not to a country which now can have no charms for you; but, with the miſerable Xavier, render wretchedneſs more tolerable by the participation of woe!"

He ceaſed; and dropping the hand he held, caſt his eyes to the ground, and remained in thoughful ſilence. Greville recovered himſelf; and, wiping off the big tear that trembled on his cheeks—"I am, indeed, miſerable! but it is not the perfidy of a miſtreſs that thus reduces me below a woman's weakneſs. It is the loſs of my friend, my only friend; one who was, in tenderneſs, more than a father, or a brother, to me! O can any grief be equal to my grief! The univerſe is become a dreary waſte to me; and every thing I ſee, every thing I hear, ſeems to ſay—"Miſerable Greville, what buſineſs have you here?" and indeed I have none; for he that loved me, he that divided my cares, he that ſoothed my unhappy heart, is dead! The cold tomb will ſoon contain him who was the ſoul of my exiſtence, he who was all that can be wiſe, gentle, and affectionate, in man!"

His piercing accents rouſed the Minſtrel from his melancholy reverie; who, raiſing his large blue eyes, fixed them with a heavenly benignity on the flowing orbs of Endymion, who felt the ſoft ſtream of pity enter his ſoul. "My dear brother in affliction, liſten to my tale; and perhaps you will confeſs, that the woes of Xavier Saxe Weimar, though ſpringing from a different ſource, contain as bitter a poiſon as your own."

Greville covered his face with his handkerchief; and, fervently preſſing the hand of Xavier, bowed his head in token of aſſent. The noble German returned the preſſure; and, drawing a ſigh from the deepeſt centre of his heart, began:

"This caſtle which you ſee, and country for many miles around, have ever ſince the Cruſades, been the dominions of my anceſtors; a race of heroes, whoſe name muſt now end in the unhappy Xavier! When I look back on their virtue, on their fame, I bluſh at their weakneſs which has robbed me of the laurels of my youth, and buried my ardors, and their glories, within the walls of their own caſtle. I bluſh; but that weakneſs will not ſuffer me to burſt the chains which fetter me; and here I muſt die, a victim to an ill-fated love, and the perfidy of a woman!—Look Briton, on this picture," ſaid he, drawing a miniature from his breaſt: "look on theſe features; and, as you are a man, and have a ſoul ſuſceptible to excellence, you will not wonder at my love!"

[To be continued]

REMARK.

If nothing but ſimple truth and naked facts were permitted to paſs as currency, what a ſtupid world would this be for *chit-chat ſlanderers!*

CURE FOR FALSE PROPHETS.

A Dealer in ſtarch, from reading the various prophecies now floating, took it into his head to turn PROPHET himſelf; he cleared his ſhop windows of all other goods, filled them with pamphlets, declared he had a divine miſſion, and played ſeveral ſtrange pranks, which naturally led his relations and friends to think he was mad. They wiſhed to bring him to his proper ſenſes, and applied to a phyſician, who took a ſummary way of curing the diſorder. He ſent two luſty fellows, each armed with a horſewhip, and whenever the ſtarch maker prophecied, they whipped him until he was ſilent. When he prophecied again, they applied the ſame remedy; and within a few days the PROPHET returned to his old buſineſs, and has paid proper attention to it ever ſince.

POLITENESS.

ON the arrival of the Earl of Stair in France, about the beginning of the laſt century, a female courtier obſerved to Louis XIV. the Earl of Stair was thought to be the politeſt man in all England. "I will put his politeneſs to the teſt," replied Louis. Soon after he invited the Earl of Stair to to take an air with him. When the chariot was brought, his Majeſty beckoned to the Earl to enter FIRST, who politely bowed, and inſtantly entered. Louis afterward ſaid to the aforementioned courtier, "Your former remark, relating to the politeneſs of the Earl of Stair, was juſt: in obedience to my motion, he inſtantly entered my chariot, and left me to follow him; whereas a man of FALSE politeneſs would have teazed me half an hour with ceremonious refuſals."

ANECDOTE.

A Contryman in Birmingham market, (Eng) was obſerved to laugh while the Clerk was taking a quantity of Butter from a woman which was deficient in weight; the officer not being pleaſed with the fellow's want of decency obſerved that it became not him to laugh, adding, "I took two pounds from you laſt week" "I'll lay you a guinea of it," ſaid the countryman---"Done," ſaid the officer; and putting a guinea into the hands of an eminent tradeſman, the countryman inſtantly covered it---and then with a ſneer ſaid, "had it been two pounds could you have taken it from me, was it not for being ſhort of that weight that I loſt it?" The officer attempted to explain, but the gentleman who held the ſtakes was ſo perfectly convinced, that he gave the countryman the two guineas immediately.

SCRAP.

IT is to be feared that a habit acquired in youth, more frequently than neceſſity, is the parent of gaming. A harmleſs game of cards, as it is termed, often repeated, may grow into a confirmed liking of the amuſement. When Plato reproved a young man for playing at dice. "What! for ſuch a trifle of money!"---"Cuſtom," anſwered Plato, "is no trifle."

PARISIAN HEAD DRESS.

WIGS are now exploded among the Pariſian ladies of faſhion, except a few old ladies. Wigs are very little uſed by gentlemen; but the hair, except a little over the forehead, is cut almoſt as cloſe as the ſkin.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN HONEST BUSINESS NEEDS NO BLUSH.

AN old gentleman having two daughters, one of whom is lately married, the other going abroad,---and knowing that it is not good for man to be alone, wiſhes to be connected with a lady of the following deſcription;---A maiden from forty to fifty years of age, of a religious turn, but not gloomy; it is immaterial what church ſhe belongs to, ſo that it be chriſtian; of an amiable, cheerful temper;---not over luſty,---about the middle height, or under, and not ugly enough to frighten a horſe. Money ſhall be no object; but a fair character is indiſpenſible. Such a lady, by leaving a line with the printer of this paper, directed to L. B. with the initials of her name, the ſtreet, and number of the houſe, will be waited on. The ſtricteſt ſecrecy and honor may be relied upon.

This no fun or hum:---the writer has very few acquaintances in New-York, which induces him to take this method. November 18th, 1801.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

NATURE AND LOVE.

HOW ſweet the breath of early morn,
The dew-drop on the mountain thorn,
The lilly of the vale!
The fragrance of the blooming grove,
The warbling, melting note of love,
The perfume of the gale!

Each verdant ſcene of mildeſt hue,
Extending to the ſky's ſoft blue,
Allures and charms the ſight;
The eaſt in bright effulgence dreſt,
Unfolds its radiance to the weſt,
And kindles young delight.

Hark! with her ſhrill melodious lay,
The riſing lark ſalutes the day,
And mounts on airy wing;
See o'er yon hills of graſſy ſide,
The lambs in ſportive gambols glide,
Then taſte the flow'rs of ſpring.

What pleaſure fills the virgin's breaſt,
When the fond ſwain who lately preſs'd
His ſuit of hopleſs love,
Now deck'd in all his native charms,
With tranſport claſps her in his arms,
And aſks her t' approve.

She hears the tender frequent ſigh,
And looks with half-averted eye,
Then owns a kindred flame;
To each fair nature now appears
More beauteous in Aurora's tears;---
And joys without a name

Ruſh on the heart with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And kindle in their flowing eyes
A luſtre half divine;
Nature and Love thus hand in hand,
Pervade the ſoul with ſweet command,
And in bleſt concert ſhine. I. A.

New-York, 1ſt June, 1801.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

IN woods no more the feather'd throng,
Pour native muſic on the gale;
And, heard you not the harveſt-ſong
Its laſt notes linger in the vale?

Where are the walks that bluſh'd with flowers?
And where the weſtern breeze that breath'd
Its pilfer'd ſweets to ſcent the bow'rs,
With PEACE and calm CONTENTMENT wreath'd?

Since now no fragrant bloſſoms blow,
And deſolation ſweeps the ground,
Come, WINTER, teach me how to draw
A moral from the ruins round.

The ſober thought, to virtue dear,
The dreary walks ſhall furniſh ſtill;
Still ſweetly, on my penſive ear,
Shall fall the murmurs of the rill.

Oft through yon deſolated grove,
Where many a faded flow'ret lies!
At evening's ſhadowy hour I'll rove,
Regardleſs of the frowning ſkies.

And oft I'll to the lonely dell,
Or to the ruſſet heath repair,
To hear the diſtant village bell
Sweet vibrate on th' expanſe of air.

If, on the wild wing of the blaſt,
The Demon of Deſtruction fly;
May then ſome ruſh light, o'er the waſte,
With friendly beams direct the eye.

Adieu! ye glitt'ring ſcenes, adieu!
That ſtole my heart from Peace and Truth;
That promis'd pleaſure, while you threw
Illuſive ſplendor o'er my youth;

TIME, to all pictur'd bliſs a foe,
Proclaims, as through its waſtes we range,
That all our joy is abſent woe,
And all our life, progreſſive change!

MAXIM.---Neglect not till to-morrow any duty or buſineſs which ought to be done to-day.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MEDDLER, No. XV.

Singly ſad,
My woe thro' three times ſix revolving years
I count; no jolly Joe, nor ſober Sam,
The matrimonial BLISS WITH ME HAS SHARED,
Or crooked ſixpence offered to divide.
DR. BRAMSTON.

A STATE of antiquated virginity can not be a very deſirable one, though it is moſt ingeniouſly defended by ſome of the ladies of my acquaintance. They poſitively aſſert, that to live ſingle is the only way to be free and independent, and that to marry, is but making one's ſelf an honorable ſlave. They compare an unmarried woman, to a bird that is free, and triumphantly exclaim, what a little fool he would be to fly into a CAGE! They forget themſelves ſurely in uſing this argument, for if they would conſider a moment, they muſt certainly recollect that FREE BIRDS delight to marry. However, in all their logical ſophiſtry, I ſee a charming ſmile, which, in the ſweeteſt language, aſſures me they are not ſincere. Beſides, I have even more SATISFACTORY proofs that in theſe diſquiſitions they are by no means ſerious; for where they are unuſually warm in defence of a ſingle life, I have generally remarked, that in a week or two afterwards, I have heard of their marriage. Indeed, ſo nice have been my MEDDLESOME reſearches in this point, that I have reduced my obſervations quite to a ſyſtematic art, by which I can, with conſiderable accuracy, aſcertain how ſoon a lady intends marriage, only by hearing her ſentiments upon the amiable felicities of an old maid. I intend, hereafter, to impart my knowledge to the public, for it will have a tendency to prevent many idle conjectures, and falſe reports, to ſave many unpleaſant embarraſſments ariſing from direct queſtions, and to ſpare much painful curioſity by, at once, informing us, through the means of the art, all that we could wiſh to learn. There is one inconveniency which, very generally, prevails with all the advocates of the old maids' ſtate, and which I can not refrain from mentioning. They univerſally cenſure Mr. Godwin, and, particularly, for his ſentiments on the marriage inſtitution, which he has endeavored to perſuade us, is but the badge of ſlavery. Mention his name only, and it raiſes inſtant indignation; and perhaps in a few moments you hear them indirectly ſupporting his principle. Even mothers are ignorantly joining the league in favor of Godwin, as the following letter will, in one inſtance, clearly ſhew----

MR. MEDDLER,

I am the eighth daughter of an excellent mother, whoſe fondneſs for her children equals that of the tendereſt parent. Yet, notwithſtanding her affection, ſhe governs with reaſon, nor does her love ever make her forget, that it is ſometimes the duty of parents to reſtrain and correct. Every thing proper ſhe cheerfully allows, but never grants any thing improper, even though indulgence might yield herſelf a momentary pleaſure. There is but one thing in which her parental fondneſs over-reaches itſelf. You muſt know ſhe has nine daughters, the eldeſt of whom is, now, thirty-eight, all UNMARRIED!! The three firſt are quite advanced in the antiquated ſtate; four more are cloſe on its borders,---and all occaſioned by the exceſſive and unſuiting nicety of our good mother. They have had what we commonly call GOOD OFFERS; and, no doubt, long before this, would have been happy wives, and perhaps happier mothers, had the taſte of our careful parent been a little more reaſonable. She, good ſoul, wiſhes us to marry; but then our huſbands muſt be ſuch ones as this world does not afford. It is not enough that they are GOOD and ſenſible, but they muſt alſo be very GENTEEL, and VERY HANDSOME. Indeed one young man was all this, and had nearly ſecured my mother's conſent to marry her daughter, when the baleful envy of an old unmarried acquaintance, unluckily diſcovered to us, that the father of the young man was guilty of being poor, and he was requeſted to viſit as a lover no longer. However dear to our hearts our MAN may be, if he has the misfortune not to pleaſe my mother in ALL POINTS, we are abſolutely commanded to turn him away; and the reaſon which my mother eternally gives, is, that ſhe loves us too much to ſee us UNHAPPILY CONNECTED. The conſequence is, we ſhall every one of us be obliged to live unhappily alone. Now, Sir, I want your advice. A young man whoſe excellent and amiable heart has, I frankly confeſs, excited in mine the tendereſt love, is now paying his addreſſes to ME. His underſtanding is very much improved, his family very reſpectable, and, without partiality I aſſure you, his character is univerſally eſteemed. But, Sir, his beauty is not quite to my mother's wiſhes; his eyes-

brow is not quite dark enough,---and her GRECIAN taste is irreconcileably disgusted with his ROMAN nose. In fine, Sir, I tremble from what I have already seen her eye threaten, lest she should command me to reject my lover's addresses. I feel a severe struggle in my bosom between love and filial duty. I cannot disobey what my mother shall command, and to discard the man of my affections is impossible. Pray, Mr. Meddler, should not these things be left to the guidance of nature? I feel, and am sure, that in some cases, she will direct better, even, than a mother. She unites two congenial souls by the tender ties of love,---why should they be seperated from an unreasonable vanity and pride, which seeks only a visionary shadow? Do, Sir, display the folly of such conduct in more forcible colors than I can, and save from the miseries of an old maid,

Your obedient servant,

HONORIA.

Were I to follow the dictates of my heart, most readily could I give to HONORIA satisfactory advice, but the important questions of ethics, must not be decided by that little flattering judge of the bosom, which hastily concludes, regardless of consequences and effects. Much of the happiness of society depends upon the just knowledge of those principles, which should govern HONORIA, in her present situation. Let her, therefore, keep her mother AT BAY for a week. I will retire to my closet to reflect---and the result of my deliberations shall be given in my next paper.

Saturday, Nov. 21, 1801. S.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1801.

It appears that Mr. King, our minister at the court of London, has embraced the earliest opportunity of apprizing our government of the conclusion of Peace between England and France.---We shall perhaps be gratified in a few days by the publication of his communication on this subject.

A few days ago, a schooner belonging to Belleville, N J. upset in the Bay in a gale of wind. All the persons on board the vessel were saved, except Capt. Zenus Crane, of Coldwell, who was in the cabin at the time, with several passengers----they informed him the schooner was going over, and each one leaped out of the cabin, but he being hindmost was struck with the boom, and not being able to swim, was drowned.

On Monday, in consequence of a dispute at the Theatre the preceding Friday evening, a duel was fought at Hobuck between Mr. PHILIP HAMILTON, eldest son of General Hamilton, and GEORGE I EACKER, Esq; which terminated fatally to the former, who was shot through the body, and expired at five o'clock, on Tuesday morning.

A young lawyer by the name of King, in New-port, a few days ago put an end to his own life, in the most deliberate manner. After he had fixed the fatal rope about his neck; he tied his hands behind him, to prevent an involuntary attempt to save his own life.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

The Baltimore Bellona powder mill, on Jones's Fall, about 7 miles from town, belonging to a company of gentlemen of Baltimore, blew up the night before last, by which accident three men who were working in the mill, were shockingly crippled, the life of one of whom is despaired of.

The catastrophe happened about nine o'clock at night; and, as near as we can learn, was caused by one of the workmen taking the burning snuff of a lamp-wick in his fingers, and finding it rather hot, threw it hastily and inadvertently into a heap of about 300 weight of powder, then undergoing its operation in the mill. The explosion was instantaneous; The house 30 by 40 feet, with every atom in it, was mounted in the air. Of the roof, not a vestige can be found; and the walls which were of massy stone, are leveled with the ground. The man who was least injured, says, the first place he found himself in, after the return of his senses, was the mill race, without knowing, for a while, what could have placed him there.

BURGLARY AND MURDER.

In the night of Sunday, the 29th ult, the house of Samuel Clark, a free black, in West Nottingham, near the Maryland line, was attacked and broken open by five abandoned villains, who committed great outrage on the family, with an intent to seize their persons and send them to Georgia or Kentucky to be sold for slaves; Clark was wounded by a pistol fired at him in one of his arms and hand: his daughter (a young woman) received a shot in her neck, which proved a mortal wound, of which, after languishing six days she died; her brother a youth, who lay sick with a fever, was cruelly abused, was dragged out of the house and wounded on his head by several severe strokes given by the barbarians with an axe-helve, and carried off, but by some means made his escape, and returned after a few days to his father's house.

The perpetrators of this horrid deed, reside on the Maryland line, and being personally known, some measures were taken to apprehend them, but without effect by the last account received. [Baltimore paper.

LONDON, Oct. 5

To the account of the Preliminaries which we gave on Saturday, we have to add, that Egypt, it is said, is to be evacuated by the British within a twelve month, and things there are to be restored to their former footing. It is mentioned too, but on doubtful authority, that Ozmaburgh is to be given up, and will be secularized, in order to be thrown into the scale of indemnities, in settling the peace of the empire; and that Hanover is to remain entire, but shall be obliged to contribute in money, etc. to the fund of indemnities. A commercial treaty between England and the French republic shall be negociated, which will include the Batavian republic. All hostilities shall cease in Europe within three months, and in the other parts of the globe in six; though it seems more probable that a notice to desist from all hostilities will be given as soon as the Preliminaries are ratified. All prisoners are to be restored.

The reduction which will take place in the price of freight in consequence of the prospect of Peace, will be a saving almost incalculable. The freights will now be reduced from eleven to six pounds per ton, which, as war contingencies, were allowed the ship-owners, above the permanent peace freights.

The Marquis Cornwallis is appointed by his Majesty Minister Plenipotentiary on the part of Great-Britain, to negociate and sign a definitive Treaty of Peace, with the French Republic. Amiens, in France, is the place appointed for this purpose.

The Gazette of Saturday confirms the account of Menou having offered to capitulate for the surrender of Alexandria. The three days allowed for settling the terms had not expired, when the messenger was sent off by General Hutchinson.

The news of Peace produced the most lively joy throughout the country. On the Mail coaches were written, in large capital letters, the words "PEACE WITH FRANCE!" The coachmen, there being no olive in this country, thought proper to substitute laurel in its place.

OCTOBER 9.

The Telegraph at the Admiralty was at work again this forenoon, and the communication was confidently asserted to be that a French Envoy had reached Dover this morning at 4 o'clock, and brought with him the Preliminaries of Peace, which had been ratified by the French Government on Sunday last the fourth instant.

Recollecting with how much confidence a similar report was circulated two days ago, we cannot vouch for the truth of the present, though we think it extremely probable. If correct, the Envoy or other person arrived, may be momentarily expected to reach town.

As a proof, however, that the intelligence, as communicated through the Medium of Telegraphs, is believed to be as above stated, we shall mention one circumstance:---People were employed when our paper went to press in decorating the front of Mr. Otto's house, with lamps filled with oil, to be ready for lighting.

The intelligence is not doubted at any of the Public Offices.

Star Office, 4 o'clock.

We stop the press to announce the arrival of a Messenger with the RATIFICATION OF THE PRELIMINARIES OF PEACE.

LONGEVITY.

According to a list published by the Synod of Russia, there died in 1800, in the thirty-two divisions of that Empire, two thousand five hundred and fifty persons above 90 years of age; two hundred an fixteen between 90 and 100; one hundred and thirty-three between 101 and 110; twenty six between 110 and 119; nine aged 120; one aged 125, and two aged 130.

COURT of HYMEN.

'Tis Wedlock's bonds each one secures,
When mutual ties each heart allures
Their future steps to guide;
Wisdom will point, with guardian care,
The prosperous gale or fatal snare,
Of Hymen's flatt'ring tide.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last week, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, WILLIAM ROGERS, Esq to Mrs. ANN CRUGER, both of this city.

On Wednesday last week, by the Rev. Mr. Manley, Mr. JAMES BREWER, of Peekskill, to Miss ANN BROTHERSON, daughter of John Brotherson, Esq. of Orange.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Wall, Mr W. KINLEYSON to Miss MARY ANN LOSEY, of Poughkeepsie,

---

A late Boston paper contains the Marriage of Mr. JOHN THING, to Miss BETSY CALF. This lady probably is of opinion that it is better to be any thing than a Calf.

MORTALITY.

Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies!"
And "Dust to dust," concludes her noblest song.

DIED,

On Thursday, the 19th inst. in the 80th year of her age, Mrs. HANNAH IVERS, wife of Thomas Ivers, Esq. of this city.

Same evening, highly esteemed and much lamented, Mrs. GRACE WALMON, consort of the late Abraham Walton, Esq.

On Friday morning, after a lingering illness, which she bore in christian fortitude, Mrs. KUYPERS, the amiable wife of the Rev. G. Kuypers, of this city.

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of CELADON's poetry,---also, another favor from our correspondent I. A. both of which shall receive due attention.

*** A Charity Sermon will be preached, to-morrow morning, at St Paul's Church, and a collection made for the support of the Episcopal Charity School.

To-morrow evening, a Charity Sermon will be preached in the North-Church, and a collection made for the benefit of the Charity School.

The sum collected at the New Dutch Church, last Sunday evening, amounted to 440 dollars 30 cents.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, will be presented, Shakespear's celebrated TRAGEDY of

Macbeth.

To which will be added, the Entertainment of

Rosina,

Or, THE REAPERS.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

THE partnership of E. and R. JOHNSTON is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Nov. 12, 1801. ROBERT JOHNSTON.

The business is still carried on by E. JOHNSTON, Book-Binder and Stationer, No. 385 Pearl-street, opposite Rutger's-street, New-York. 6w

November 28. ELKANAH JOHNSTON.

EVENING TUITION

MR. DUPORT presents his respects to the young Gentlemen of this city, and informs them that his EVENING SCHOOL, was opened on Tuesday the 24th inst. at the OLD ASSEMBLY ROOM, William street. The subscription is now open at Mr. Duports house, No. 78 Courtlandt street. Mr. D. requests those Gentlemen who intend honoring him with their attendance, to apply as soon as possible.

nov. 28.

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG.

THINK not, while gayer ſwains invite
Thy feet, dear girl! to pleaſure's bowers,
My faded form ſhall meet thy ſight,
And cloud my Laura's ſmiling hours.

Thou art the world's delighted gueſt,
And all the young admire is thine;
Then I'll not wound thy gentle breaſt,
By numb'ring o'er the wounds of mine.

I will not ſay how well, how long,
This faithful heart has ſighed for thee!
But leave thee happier ſwains among,
Content, if thou contented be.

But, Laura! ſhould misfortune's wand
Bid all thy youth's gay viſions fly;
From thy ſoft cheek the roſe command,
And force the luſtre from thine eye---

Then, thoughtleſs of my own diſtreſs,
I'll haſte thy comforter to prove;
And Laura ſhall my friendſhip bleſs,
Although, alas! ſhe ſcorns my love.

EPIGRAM.

QUEEN BESS once in council was given to know,
That a corps of her cavalry fled from the foe;
But in telling the tale it came out unawares,
That the troop were all TAILORS, and mounted on MARES
Nay then, cries the Queen, let the rogues run away,
Since I've neither loſt man nor horſe in the fray!

ON THE SOUTHAMPTON CANAL.

[From a London paper.

SOUTHAMPTON's wiſe ſons found the river ſo large,
Tho' 'twould carry a SHIP 'twould not carry a BARGE!!!
But ſoon this defect their wiſe noddles ſupply'd,
For they cut a ſnug DITCH to run cloſe by its ſide,
Like the man, who, contriving a hole thro' his wall
To admit his two cats, one great, t'other ſmall,
Where a great hole was made for great puſs to paſs thro'
A ſmall hole was cut for his little cat too.

ANECDOTE.

"To ſhame a liar, tell a greater lie"

IN obſervance of this philoſophic advice, the following ſtory was told with a grave face.---" One Peter Williams, a biſcuit-maker by trade, undertook to jump off the Monument in London. He was to mount on the rails while St. Paul's clock was ſtriking twelve, and jump off at the laſt ſtroke. Every precaution was, of courſe, taken to keep the poor devil from breaking his neck; feather beds, loads of ſtraw, and wool packs, piled one upon another to an immenſe height. The day came; the ſtreets ſeemed to be paved with faces---the houſes roofed with people. The uſual accidents happened---broken limbs, diſlocations, fractures and contuſions; women and children were trampled under foot, &c. &c. The moment arrived; the clock ſtruck;---Honeſt Peter, true to his engagement, mounted on the baluſtrades. At the laſt ſtroke, off he went." . . . . " Well, and what was the conſequence?" enquired an attentive auditor. "Ecod, Sir, (continued the narrator) when he was half way down, his heart failed him---and he jumped back again!"

REMOVAL.

HIRAM GARDNER, Ladies Shoe maker, has removed his ſtore from No. 114 to No. 91 Broadway, oppoſite the Trinity Church.

HIRAM GARDNER returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for their paſt patronage, and humbly ſolicits a continuance of their favors, to merit which no endeavors ſhall be wanting. At the ſame time he begs leave to inform them that he has received by the late arrivals from London, a large and faſhionable aſſortment of FANCY LEATHER for Ladies Shoes, particularly ſupply of elegant, tea and purple colored Kid and Morocco.

NB. Merchants and others may be ſupplied with ſhoes ſuitable for the Souther and Weſt-Indies markets, at the ſhorteſt notice, and on the moſt reaſonable terms.

November 14, 1801. 81 6w

MORALIST.

SOLITUDE will ultimately render the mind ſuperior to all the viciſſitudes and miſeries of life. The man to whoſe boſom neither riches, nor pleaſure, nor grandeur, can convey felicity, may with a book in his hand, learn to forget his cares under the friendly ſhade of every tree; and with exquiſite delight taſte pleaſures as lively as they are varied; pleaſures pure, and ever new. The faculties of the mind regain their priſtine ſtrength: and their increaſing vigor not only excites the moſt pleaſing ſenſations but preſents to his view the attainment of any end he chuſes to adopt, of any character he may chuſe to acquire. Theſe pleaſures increaſe in proportion to the extent of his capacity, the greatneſs of his views, and the purity of his intent; and his hopes, however high, are rendered rational by his contempt of flattery, and of the idle purſuits and frivolous amuſements of the world.

THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK

Are reſpectfully informed, that LANE, & Co. have juſt imported from London, a ſmall and elegant aſſortment of the moſt faſhionable PELICES, (or Ladies Great Coats) which will be opened on Monday next, at No. 133 William ſtreet. Nov 21: 4w

WANTS A PLACE,

As a HOUSE-KEEPER, a middle aged woman, well acquainted with houſe-keeping, and who can by well recommended. Enquire at No. 46 Bailey-ſtreet.

DANCING SCHOOL.

Mr. DUPORT reſpectfully informs the Ladies and Gentleman of this city, that his School for day and evening ſcholars is now opened at the old ASSEMBLY ROOM No. 63 William Street.

Ladies and Gentlemen who wiſh to perfect themſelves by private leſſons in different characters of dances, as Allemande, Vaily's, De la Cour Minnut, and Gavotte, with the Devonſhire Minuet, or any other dances, &c. may depend on punctual attendance.---N. B. Thoſe who honor Mr. Duport with their commands, or require further particulars, will pleaſe to apply at his houſe, No. 78 Courtlandt-ſtreet, three doors from the corner of Greenwich-Street, where Cotillions and Country Dances of Mr Duport's compoſition may be had. Nov. 14 6w.

Quilted Silk Coats,

Made and for ſale by WILL. WEYMAN,
No. 39 Maiden-Lane.

Who has juſt completed a great aſſortment, which conſiſts of the moſt prevailing colours, neweſt faſhions, and of different qualities.

A few ſent for trial if requeſted. Coats made to particular directions with care October 31. 79 3m

FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

The Genuine French Almond Paſte,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and ſoftening the ſkin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a moſt exquiſite delicacy---this article is ſo well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and ſold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-ſtreet New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line, ſuch as Pomatums of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powders, a variety of the beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roſes, Aſiatic Balſam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the beſt kind, handſome Dreſſing Caſes for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoiſe ſhell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

80 3m.

WANTED,

A ſober induſtrious woman, either white or black, to do houſe work---one with good recommendations will find immediate employ, by applying at No. 148 Water Street. Nov. 14.

STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harriſſon's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

J. TICE,

Perfumer and Ornamental Hair-Manufacturer.

Has removed from No. 19 Park Row, to No. 134 William-ſtreet, next door to Mr. Robertſon's Carpet Store---where he has for ſale an elegant aſſortment of Ladies' wigs and Fillets, of various colors, and of the moſt recent faſhions, which he has received by late arrivals from Europe---with a general aſſortment of PERFUMERY, of the firſt quality, &c. &c.

He has alſo for ſale---A new invented Liquid Blacking, for boots and ſhoes, which is an excellent preſervation for the leather, and renders it water proof, and will not even ſoil the whiteſt ſilk. Black morocco that is become ruſty, by the uſe of this Blacking, will look equal to new.---To be had only at the above ſtore. Nov. 14.

New Novels,

For ſale by J. Harriſſon, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THREE SPANIARDS,
A ROMANCE,
By GEORGE WALKER.

NOCTURNAL VISIT,
By REGINA M. ROCHE.

THE MONK.
A Romance---By M. G. LEWIS, Eſq.

CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.
By REGINA M. ROCHE.

JACK SMITH,
OR THE CASTLE OF St. DONATS.

TALE OF THE TIMES,
By the author of "A Goſſip's Story."

THE BEGGAR GIRL,
AND HER BENEFACTORS.
By Mrs. Bennet.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE:
A Tale of Truth.---By Mrs. ROWSON.

EDGAR HUNTLY,
Or, Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker.

ILDIGERTE,
QUEEN OF NORWAY.
Tranſlated from the German of Kotzebue.

DE VALCOURT,
By Mrs. Bennet.

FATE OF SEDLEY,
In two volumes.

VALUABLE EDUCATION.

THE Subſcriber, at No. 10 Peck-ſlip, teaches the Elements of Geography and Aſtronomy and uſe of the Globes, Land Surveying, Navigation with the double altitudes and lunar obſervations, the uſe of Margette's Longitude and Horary tables, which were deſigned to contract, and render more general the practice of aſcertaining the longitude at ſea by lunar diſtances, among perſons unverſed in aſtronomical calculations. He likewiſe teaches Engliſh Grammar, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Writing, Reading, &c.

He has been prevailed upon by a number o applicants, to open, at this early ſeaſon, an

EVENING SCHOOL FOR SEAMEN,

and others, who wiſh to become proficients in nautical ſcience.

As the Subſcriber intends to eſtabliſh a School of reputation in this place, none will be admitted but ſuch as are decent; nor will his avidity for lucre induce him to accept of more than he can faithfully attend to.

September 5. JOSIAH MALLERY.

TO THE LADIES.

MANTUA-MAKING and MILINARY executed with neatneſs and diſpatch at No 192 William-ſtreet.

Printed and publiſhed by J. HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.